

Remember Me.

BY SIMPSON JONES.

Dedicated to my Tiosa, Ind. singing class.

When pleasure lends her smiling face
To deck the festive throng;
When hearts are light with mirth and glee,
And joyous, too, with song;
When musing in that pleasant sphere,
Where time hangs light and free;
If 'twill not mar your bliss when there,
O, then remember me.

When rosy morn comes forth to shed
Its brightness all around;
And o'er the flowers send a dew
To beautify the ground;
When early birds ascend on high
To be from earth made free;
And warble forth their merry notes,
O, then remember me.

When evening's glimmer fades away
To bring repose and rest,
And our Creator's wisdom stands
To make his creatures blest;
When at that still and peaceful time
With bended form and knee;
In prayer and praise to God above,
O, then remember me.

If all earth's bright and costly gems
My portion were to be;
With all the wealth embued in
The deep and foaming sea;
Were these with all the bliss of earth
For me to own and see,
I'd rather know than have them all
That you remember me.

Where The Fault Lies.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

That Deacon Gillis was out of humor was evident from the manner in which he slammed the door and kicked the innocent cat that was sleeping harmlessly on the rug before the fire.

His good wife looked up from the heel she was setting, to inquire gently:

"What's gone amiss, father, that you persist in bringin' the storm in with you?"

"Enough's amiss, I should say, when our minister goes to disgracin' the church," he retorted fiercely.

"Surely our parson has not been guilty of damagin' the flock, father?"

"If gettin' in debt and failin' to meet his promises is not a misdemeanor, then I don't know what honor is," interrupted the irate man.

"Perhaps the poor man could not get the money he had counted on, father," suggested Mrs. Gillis, as she finished counting her stitches.

"Then he orten't to have made no such obligations. Goin' and buyin' a house and givin' a mortgage on it, and then havin' it foreclosed over his head, is no way of doin' business, particularly when the church is thereby scandalized."

"The church?" echoed Mrs. Gillis.

"Yes, Mary, the church, for did'nt that old flint of a Jorden fling it in my teeth that the congregation had half starved the poor fellow, and ne did not think there was any thing strange about him bein' unable to raise the mortgage."

"And what if his words should be true father?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses Mary, to take sides with that old blasphemer, against the church?"

"Is his salary all paid up as promised, when we called him here?" she asked evading the subject that irritated her husband so deeply.

"Why no," he answered slowly, "You know we were to give him a thousand dollars, but three years ago, when we fell behind, he agreed to take eight hundred if we would only pay it promptly every quarter."

"And have we been livin' up to this agreement?" Mrs. Gillis urged, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Well, not exactly. We are a trifle behind each year, and this quarter is not quite due yet, but that's not here nor there," answered the deacon gruffly.

"But it ought not to be, father. May be this trifle that is behind, is what, Mr. King depended upon when he bought his little home."

"Then why don't he keep that great boy out of college and set him to work; and what possesses him to allow Anna to larn to drum on the pianny?"

Before his wife had time to reply, there was a stamping of feet outside, and presently Elder Bryan walked in.

"You've made short work of it; I've just got home, and I only stopped to speak with Peter Davis a minute," was the deacon's greeting, as he pushed a chair toward the newcomer.

I tell you, deacon, it took a mighty short time to finish what I had to say when I saw how things were going. See here," he said, producing a blank book and running his fingers over a column of figures, "in the last three years we have permitted Mr King's salary to run behind just six hundred dollars and not counting in this quarter which will be due next New Year's day—and this is the day before Christmas."

"How is that?" asked the deacon, bustling up quickly.

"Just wait a moment," Mr. Bryan said soothingly, "I mean that we are behind two hundred dollars on last year and also the same amount on the year before. And of the eight hundred promised, he has received but four so far, this year. Besides over two hundred each year has been paid in truck, that he either did not need, or could have procured for a much smaller amount of money than that charged by the ones who had it credited to his salary. The whole fault of this disgrace lies at our own doors, and old Jordan shot near the mark when he said that, the minister's failure was an everlastin' disgrace to the church."

"What does he keep his young ones at school for, if he is in such a strait?" urged Gillis, unwilling to give up the point that troubled him.

"I inquired about that and found that the boy pays his own college bills by doing the drudgery about the building while the little girl earns her music lessons by assisting her teacher whenever and wherever she can make herself useful. Even those two little boys gathered nuts on the shares to buy their winter clothes, and I am sure there is not a family in the congregation that would be content to sit down to a dinner of brown bread and water on Christmas, as the minister's family did today."

It was almost dark when Elder Bryan took his departure; but every minute of the time had been profitably occupied in laying plans and making arrangements for the coming week.

Mr. King preached his annual New Year's sermon to a much larger audience than usual, and then left them, as was his custom, to arrange for the temporal welfare of the congregation. What passed, he never knew, but before the sun set, sleighs and sleds, laden with all kinds of provisions and clothing, began to arrive in such numbers as to tax the ingenuity of the minister and his wife, where to stow away the good measure, heaped up, shaken together and running over, that their parishioners had so generously pressed upon them. In spite of the joy that shone in the eyes of Mr. King, his heart was heavy, for he feared that the gifts of the night were given in lieu of the unpaid salary that in his hours of distress, he so sorely needed.

Imagine his relief when Deacon Gillis stepped up and handed him a check for the salary then due, which amounted to eight hundred dollars, and in addition to this, the mortgage, which on tomorrow he had expected to be closed. The minister was too deeply affected to speak, but somehow the deacon made him understand that this six hundred dollars was no present, but only the remainder of the salary they had promised him, and out of which they had cheated him during the last three years.

When at a late hour, Deacon Gillis' old roan trotted briskly over the frozen ground, his master was in the best of spirits, and acknowledged to his wife that he had never spent such a pleasant evening before.

"Fact is Mary, it is plaguery hard for me to tell which—the minister or the people—enjoyed the donation-party most, but of one thing I am sartin, while I am deacon of this congregation, every man has got to keep his New Year's promise to pay the parson his dues, at the right time and way too, for that matter, for I am pesky tired of this thing of paying for the gospel with a lot of cow-pumpkins or cabbage alive with varmint," and then he

murmured softly to himself, "sure, it is more blessing to give than to receive."

Selected by ORPHA MILLER.

Quiet Workers.

There are many persons in the world today, that are looked upon, by some, as being quite insignificant, yet how precious and dear are they to Him who ever watches over them, and knows the secret thoughts of their hearts; to Him who even notes the fall of a little sparrow.

The world may admire these who have attained an elevated position in the ranks of society they may receive the applause of the arrogant and proud and finally, their names may be chiseled in monuments of marble; yet, if their lives have not been of such a character as to command the esteem and approbation of Him who can see in the very depth of their hearts, their mission in this world will have been in vain.

But there are those who live secluded, those who are among the lowly of this world, who are the recipients of the most refreshing blessings from the hand of our great Benefactor. These are such as have given their hearts to God, and are workers in the vineyard of the Lord. They perform their daily duties, unnoticed by the busy world around them, and at times almost feel like despairing; feel as if their life and labor were of little value,—when to the despondent heart, comes the cheering words of the Master: "She hath done what she could." O! let us take courage. If you cannot do some great things, let us be satisfied to do the little duties which constantly develop upon us.

Dear reader: the first work for some of us may be to get control of our temper, our thoughts, our tongue, our actions. This may seem like trifling work, but it is so great that many of us fail to accomplish it. "In your patience possess ye your souls" Luke, 21: 19. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city" Prov. 16: 19.

The weary mother toils from day to day, and hears little else than the complaints of her children, and does little else than supply their wants. Her's is a great and responsible work, yet if done according to our divine Father's will, her reward will be great. Although the world honors not the work she performs in this way. God knoweth it all, and will bless her abundantly for training her children in the ways of truth and piety.

There are ministers of the gospel, whom we may place on the roll of common workers. Their reputations are small in the world, but they are great and good men in the sight of God. Their names are not annexed to glowing accounts of successful church work on the pages of religious papers; yet they are zealous and earnest workers, and the church would sustain a great loss, were she compelled to do without them. The minister who goes from place to place, preaching the gospel and gathering souls into the fold of Christ, has many prayers offered in his behalf, which is perfectly right; but let us not forget the quiet home workers. They need encouraging too. The faithful minister does not repine, because his labors are not so visibly blest, but he presses on, "knowing that his labor in the Lord is not in vain." Then my brethren and sisters, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we if we faint not."

A. B. SUMMERS.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small and the small great.—CHARLES REEDE

Continental liberalism means the abolition of property and religion.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

There is always a number of men who will support any government.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.